a place for me (in the home that is your heart)
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by soupbeanluvr

Summary

Soobin meets Yeonsoon's family (the Weasleys) and finds out that the secret girlfriend of Harry Potter, Yeonsoon's unofficial adopted son, is none other than her own son, Draco Malfoy. It's awkward, but they make it work.

Notes

This is complete fiction, and implies nothing about the people whose names are utilized. If you got here by googling yourself or because a fan linked you, you should click the back button.

i wanted to see more txt yuri in the world (txt lesbian witches is the best genre of txt!!), and you know what they say: write the book you want to read.

See the end of the work for more notes

Dear Draco, Soobin wrote. Her quill paused on the parchment as she struggled to find the right words. He had said she could write to him again, but she still felt a not-insignificant amount of hesitation once it actually came to it. After all, she hadn't written to him for nearly a year, at his request. He hadn't come home for Christmas break, and she'd spent her time moping around the house, eating the sugar cookies that she'd baked (it turned out she was better at baking than cooking) until she felt a little sick to fill the hollow inside of her. He had barely stopped by at the end of his Eighth Year, even though she hadn't been allowed to break her house arrest even just to see his graduation, and had immediately gone off to do… some kind of apprenticeship. Draco hadn't even told her what it was for.

That was before she'd reached out to Yeonsoon, and she had still been lonely and bored and generally feeling sorry for herself, even though the situation she was in was her own fault.

After she'd written to apologize to Yeonsoon… well, it had still been quiet around the house. It had been quiet even when she'd had her husband and son around, but when the giant manor was completely devoid of life (besides Soobin) the silence had been oppressive.

She was relieved when a distraction happened upon her, in the form of another letter. A tiny, unsteady owl carried it, squeaking as it dropped its mail off.

Soobin took the letter. The owl hopped on her hand and started squeaking insistently, and wouldn't stop until she stroked its tiny cheek with two fingers. She reluctantly continued petting the owl warily as she opened the letter.

Soobin,

I've missed you! It's been two days but I've been lonely without you (all of you). The kids are back for the holidays- Bill's bringing Fleur and the baby, and Charlie, Percy, George, Ginny, and Ron-and-Hermione are coming. I think Harry's also stopping by, he's back for his break from the training program he's doing now. He's doing an apprenticeship at an apothecary, focusing on Potions- can you believe it? We all thought he hated it! Everyone thinks he has a girlfriend, but he's being very mysterious- he might be bringing someone along. Anyway, I wanted to invite you to the Burrow (I promise we've expanded!), maybe you'll stay over. I promise I'll tell everyone to be nice to you.

Love, Yeonsoon xx

Soobin fought the urge to bury her face in her hands and scream (that would have been improper). Yeonsoon had invited her over. To her house. Yeonsoon wanted her to meet her family.

But wait- she wasn't allowed to. House arrest.

Soobin immediately slumped over. There would be no visiting the family for her, for the next six months (at least). She couldn't ask Yeonsoon to leave her family for the holidays. That would have been selfish.

She turned over the letter, just to have something to do with her hands, but straightened up again when she saw more writing.

Don't worry about your house arrest! I pulled some strings and got it all sorted. You can come if you're escorted to and from the Burrow by someone the Ministry trusts (that'll be me!). So you can look forward to seeing me (if you want) tomorrow morning. Sign your name on the purple splotch that'll appear once you've read this to say yes- I don't want this poor owl (that I have borrowed from Ron) to have to make too many trips.

Soobin relaxed again. All was well. A soft lavender patch appeared on the letter, as promised, and Soobin didn't hesitate to sign her name, *Soobin Choi Malfoy,* on it. After a moment's hesitation she erased *Malfoy*. She didn't want that name anymore.

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Yeonsoon's loud voice rang throughout the house. She was singing some kind of wake-up song. Soobin opened her eyes groggily- what time was it? Gods. Half seven? What kind of nonsense was that?

"Ugh," Soobin groaned. "Why are you so *loud*?"

"Sorry!" said Yeonsoon, not sounding sorry at all. "Time to get up, baby. We're going to my house!"

"It's all right," Soobin half-croaked and half-sang, "Uri jibeuro gaja."

"Nerd," Yeonjun laughed affectionately.

Soobin flapped her hand back at Yeonsoon.

"Hm," she mumbled sleepily. "Just a little longer…"

"Nope, we're going now!" Yeonsoon sounded so cheerful Soobin was tempted to ask if Yeonsoon had cast a Cheering Charm, or taken an

Elixir to Induce Euphoria.

“Fine, fine,” Soobin slurred. “Let me…”

Soobin dragged herself out of bed, waist first, head still hanging, hair a mess.

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Yeonsoon half-carried Soobin into the overly-large bathroom, setting her on an ornate stool of sorts. Soobin was still half asleep and sat there without doing anything.

Soobin woke up a little bit more when Yeonsoon washed her face for her with slightly-too-cold water, letting out a squeak. She stayed still as Yeonsoon gently brushed her hair, curled her bangs, and afterwards ran her fingers through it. Soobin’s eyes closed again as Yeonsoon played with her hair and she leaned into Yeonsoon’s touch.

Yeonsoon pinched her cheek softly, cooing at her. Soobin squinted back.

“Yeonsoon,” Soobin said, her voice still a little scratchy, “I’m almost fifty, you know. Not exactly-”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Yeonsoon said dismissively. “My Soobinie is always cute. And I’m older than you, remember?”

“Yeah, but you’ll be cute and pretty no matter what,” said Soobin. Her lips formed a pout as she spoke.

“If Yeonsoonie is cute, then Soobinie is cute,” said Yeonsoon sweetly, kissing the pout off of Soobin’s lips. “Come on now, you’re all washed up. We’ll have breakfast at home.”

Soobin let herself be tugged up and out of the bathroom and towards the Floo, only resisting for a moment to grab the bag she had packed. Yeonsoon kept an arm around her waist as she tossed in the Floo powder, shouted the address, and jumped while holding onto Soobin.

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They could not have come at a more awkward moment. Several Weasley children (well, they weren’t children anymore, but still), as well as Hermione Granger (identified by her lack of red hair), were sitting in the kitchen as soon as Yeonsoon and Soobin came through

the Floo, and stared at Soobin with a mixture of curiosity, distrust, and for some of them dislike for several long moments before Yeonsoon spoke.

“Everyone, this is Soobin,” Yeonsoon announced. “She’s staying with me for the holidays. You’ll all be civil if you want to be fed.”

Yeonsoon looked around the room, staring them down as if to challenge them to say anything.

When none of them did, she said with an edge to her voice, “Are none of you going to greet her and introduce yourselves? I thought I taught you to be politer than that.”

Soobin thought she saw someone rolling their eyes in her peripheral vision, apparently out of sight of Yeonsoon, but decided against saying anything. She just listened to the chorus of half-hearted, “Hi, Soobin.”

Shrinking in on herself, she nodded at all of them and said stiffly, “Good to meet you all,” before fleeing upstairs with Yeonsoon.

“I’m going up to help her unpack, can someone get the onion chopping started?” Yeonsoon called behind her as she led Soobin upstairs.

“Here’s my new room,” said Yeonsoon, waving at the room. “I thought it’d be better to just have my own. The fact that you can sleep with me is great, too.”

Soobin’s ears heated when she heard Yeonsoon’s words, and then she heard Yeonsoon scoff and punch her in the arm not-so-gently (Yeonsoon didn’t really know her own strength- she’d gotten used to the idea of being a housewife and had forgotten that she could hit really, really hard). Soobin hid her wince by looking around the room.

“Pretty,” she said, nodding to a framed picture of Yeonsoon. It looked like it had been taken at her graduation, and it looked more like the Yeonsoon that Soobin remembered so clearly from school.

“Yeah, I was,” sighed Yeonsoon. “I can’t believe I had insecurities at that age. If I’d known what I’d turn into, I’d never have complained.”

“You’re pretty,” Soobin defended her girlfriend. “You’re so beautiful. I love the way you look.”

Soobin hadn’t intended to go that far, and felt so shy that she almost

took it back before she saw how big Yeonsoon's smile was.

"Thanks, baby." Yeonsoon was smiling so hard her cheeks puffed out. It was adorable. She added, "I think you're pretty sexy, too."

"Not what I said," Soobin muttered, before the meaning registered. Her hands went to her hair. "You really mean it?"

Yeonsoon's eyes followed Soobin's hands and her gaze softened.

"Soobin, you look really great with silver hair. Totally cool. I would have Glamoured my hair that color in school if I'd known it looked that nice."

Soobin's cheek twitched in the way it often did when she doubted something, or didn't like something- scrunching up as one side of her mouth quirked up. Her face had always been an open book- you knew if she thought something was weird or fishy, or if she was looking down on you.

"Really," Yeonsoon assured her. "I like it."

Soobin still looked a little doubtful. She was sure it had only been a few years ago that her hair had been white-blond, just the same color as Draco's (her stomach lurched when she thought about her son again. What would he be doing over the holidays? She'd never managed to send the letter to him).

"Should we maybe…" Soobin started slowly. " … go downstairs?"

"You didn't eat breakfast yet, right?" Yeonsoon asked. When Soobin shook her head no (obviously she hadn't eaten breakfast before Yeonsoon woke her up), she said, "I made pastries just for us earlier. I disguised them as turnips and hid them, because none of them would ever touch the turnips."

Soobin laughed at this- Yeonsoon always had weird and strangely good ideas.

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It was a very awkward breakfast. Soobin kept her eyes down as she ate her kouign-amann (it had been her favorite at Hogwarts and still was, and Yeonsoon had remembered). She didn't want to make anyone angry, and was hoping not to cause any significant rifts within the family.

She didn't talk to anyone, not even Yeonsoon, because Yeonsoon had scarfed down a pastry and immediately gone to start prepping for dinner later that night. She had corralled two of her sons (one of them was Ron, Soobin knew, and the other one, who was slightly shorter and stockier than Ron, was chopping with a blank expression on his face) into helping, and stopped every so often to bark orders at them.

Soobin suspected Yeonsoon's children did not enjoy helping out with the cooking, and, seeing an opportunity to potentially get on their good side, stood up and moved into the cooking area of the kitchen.

"I can help with the cooking," she offered. "You could have me take over, I'm sure your sons have things to do…"

Ron immediately abandoned his post and left as quickly as possible. The other one didn't move until Ron's hastily discarded knife slid off of the counter and clattered to the ground, at which he flinched and moved away from it without a word.

Soobin resumed with the onions, going slowly and carefully. It was unexpectedly difficult- Yeonsoon had made it look so easy, and here Soobin was struggling because she couldn't get the knife to stop sliding on the onion.

"Oh!" Yeonsoon's voice was suddenly much closer than it had been, and then Soobin felt Yeonsoon's thumbs gently swiping beneath her eyes, taking away her tears. "Sorry, baby, I forgot you aren't used to it."

"It's okay," Soobin reassured her, and continued with the onions. She hadn't realized she'd started to cry. She wasn't sure it was because of the onions.

Yeonsoon had her chopping carrots next (easier because they didn't make her cry, but harder because they were so small), and then she was cooking the beans. She was relieved to not have to think- she was just doing what Yeonsoon told her to do.

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Dinnertime came, and Soobin still felt out of place when it wasn't just her and Yeonsoon. The others' eyes on her made her skin prickle. She had done much to deserve it, she knew, but it still made her uncomfortable, especially since she hadn't left her own (admittedly horrible) house in over a year and a half.

They all sat around the giant table, and everyone was talking and laughing to one another- everyone except Soobin. She had Yeonsoon next to her, and Yeonsoon's ankle was pressed to hers, and that helped to calm her down a little bit, but she couldn't help but feel like she was in enemy territory.

Yeonsoon had just leaned over to whisper in Soobin's ear that she'd be bringing out dessert soon when Ron cleared his throat, and she moved away from Soobin again (they hadn't told everyone they were dating, because it would have brought up too many awkward questions, so they couldn't be *too* close).

"I forgot to say earlier," he started (Soobin could see Hermione rolling her eyes next to him as he said this), "but Harry told me he was coming tonight. So he'll probably be here soon."

"Are we finally meeting that girlfriend of his?" asked Charlie. Soobin looked over to him as discreetly as possible and saw a cheerful, good-natured smile on his face.

"Oh, surely he wouldn't leave her behind?" said Yeonsoon, sipping at a cup of tea. She brushed back a strand of short, red hair that had fallen over her face, revealing her ears.

(An aside about Yeonsoon's ears- they were gigantic, and Soobin adored them. Yeonsoon had gotten them pierced at Hogwarts multiple times, and had at one point had five piercings just in her ears. She'd taken them out after getting married, apparently, but after she and Soobin had reconnected, she'd gotten them repierced, much to Soobin's delight. She'd always thought Yeonsoon looked cool and pretty with them in. Even now, she looked cool and pretty, even if most of the time she was Mom Yeonsoon and not Soobin's Yeonsoon.)

"No, he *definitely* wouldn't leave his *girlfriend* behind, would he, Hermione?" said Ron. After he jolted and had to muffle a yelp, Soobin deduced that Hermione had kicked or elbowed him.

She wondered why he was emphasizing his words that way, but she only had a moment to wonder. The Floo glowed green, and Harry Potter stepped out. His glasses were askew, and his clothes looked a little disheveled, and he'd gotten taller, but Soobin recognized the boy (well, he was a man now) whose life she'd saved.

The fire glowed green again, and another person stepped out. It was Draco Malfoy.

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Soobin's chair scraped as she stood up far too quickly with a gasp. It was her son, whom she hadn't seen in six months.

"Draco," she said waveringly. He looked just as shocked to see her as she was. She reached out to him, and then retracted her hand. Draco hadn't allowed Soobin to hug him or even come near him over the summer. He'd stayed for a day, said three words to her, and then left. He stared back at her for several seconds.

"Mother," Draco said stiffly. His mouth quirked upwards in the same way that Soobin's did when she was unimpressed. "It's nice to see you. I was not told you would be here."

"I also was not- prepared," said Soobin. Her voice sounded like it was coming from far away, faint, like she was out of breath. Maybe she was. She found that she no longer knew how to interact with her son.

She watched him set down his bags, and waited for him to take a seat before she fell back into her seat, feeling winded. Soobin wanted to run away so she wouldn't have to have the entire Weasley family witnessing their nonexistent relationship, so they wouldn't be watching her and judging her.

"Right then!" Yeonsoon's voice was overly bright. "Let's have some dessert, shall we?"

Soobin had baked a chocolate tart and a blueberry pie with Yeonsoon's help (she'd been relieved to do something she actually knew how to do), and she was only all too happy to have an excuse to get up and leave the room, which was becoming stifling, so she volunteered to retrieve the desserts.

To her surprise, Harry Potter offered to help as well.

As soon as they were out of earshot from everyone else, Harry turned to her.

"Soobin," he said, his voice low so that no one would hear, "I never got the chance to properly thank you for lying to Voldemort."

Soobin flinched at the name, and then shook her head.

"You already did. Your testimony, remember?" she whispered.

“That doesn’t count,” Harry said. “I just wanted to thank you. For, you know, saving my life. Thank you for that.”

“You’re- you’re welcome,” Soobin said haltingly. She hesitated before asking, “are you and my son- you and Draco- are you… together?”

Harry stopped. His eyebrows drew together.

“Do you have a problem with that?” he asked, through gritted teeth. His eyes were guarded.

“No- I- ” Soobin struggled to find words. “Are you- happy together? I- As long as you’re happy.”

Harry relaxed and gave her a tentative smile. That was a good sign, Soobin thought. At least one of Yeonsoon’s family members (basically family) seemed to be okay with her.

Dessert was a marginally less awkward affair. Afterwards, Yeonsoon excused herself and asked Soobin to come upstairs with her.

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They showered together to save time. Soobin was exhausted, mostly emotionally, from the stiffness, the awkwardness, the obvious tension between her and almost everyone else. The only thing that made it easier was Yeonsoon’s comforting presence. She was there for Soobin even if she wasn’t talking.

When they were both mostly dry, they helped each other into their sleepwear- Soobin in a soft nightgown with embroidered flowers and frills about the waist, Yeonsoon in loose pants and a worn shirt- and dried their hair together while chatting. Yeonsoon had mostly tired herself out during the day, but Soobin had felt too awkward to talk and so she had kept her mouth shut, but the result was that she had plenty of energy for talking in bed.

She chattered on for several minutes, not noticing the way Yeonsoon was watching her fondly.

When Soobin ran out of breath, she saw Yeonsoon looking at her and asked what it was.

“Nothing,” said Yeonsoon. “You’re just… you. I love it when you’re like this.”

Soobin turned her face into the pillow to hide the pink creeping across her cheeks. Then she scooted closer and moved further down, burying her face in Yeonsoon's ample breasts.

Yeonsoon laughed softly and cradled Soobin's head closer to her chest.

"Sweet Soobinie, what's gotten into you?" she said. "You're suddenly obsessed with my tits."

"Not sudden," said Soobin. She'd somehow wound up pushing Yeonsoon's shirt up, and had her mouth pressed against one of Yeonsoon's breasts.

"Yeah? You've always liked them?"

"Uh-huh," Soobin agreed, pressing kisses to Yeonsoon's tit. "They're soft and they fit nicely in my hand. And they're pretty."

To demonstrate, she held one in her hand. Yeonsoon put a hand in Soobin's hair.

"Keep doing that, baby," she encouraged. "It's nice."

"Mmf?" Soobin asked around Yeonsoon's nipple. She was clearly preoccupied.

"Go on," said Yeonsoon, a hint of airiness in her voice. Soobin's other hand crept downward to poke at the waistband of Yeonsoon's pants, and Yeonsoon pushed Soobin's hand inside.

"*Oh,* that's- *good girl*," sighed Yeonsoon. "Keep- keep going. Just like that, baby."

After Yeonsoon came on Soobin's fingers, Soobin was still sucking at Yeonsoon's tit. She was still clinging to Yeonsoon, and Yeonsoon had to physically remove Soobin's fingers and mouth. Yeonsoon's leg trembled as she moved it forward to nudge between Soobin's thighs, which were pressed tightly together as Soobin squirmed slightly. They fell open with the slightest push, allowing Yeonsoon to press her firm thigh up against Soobin, eliciting a soft, tell-tale whimper that told her Soobin was close (Yeonsoon had learned from experience that Soobin *really* liked getting her off- perhaps even more than coming herself).

Yeonsoon curled her fingers into Soobin's long hair and tugged slightly, and the effect was almost instant. Soobin held onto Yeonsoon's waist tightly as she ground against Yeonsoon's thigh and

whimpered through her orgasm.

EARLIER

Harry squinted after Yeonsoon and Soobin. They were going up the stairs together, which was fine, except for the fact that Yeonsoon rather conspicuously had a hand on Soobin's butt. Which was not at all normal.

"Hey, Draco," he said lowly. "I think Yeonsoon and Soobin are together."

End Notes

is it obvious how much i adore the Ears??? they are very precious to me

this was much harder to start than my previous three fics... not sure why, but at least it flowed much more easily at the end! here's hoping for more txt yuri and submissive choi soobin c:

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!